Fireball / Supercar

TV COMIC

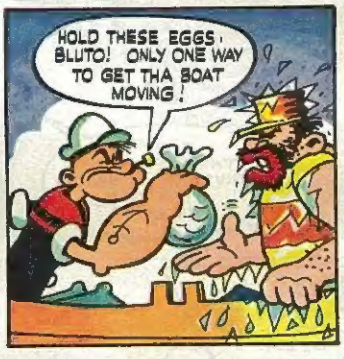
5D

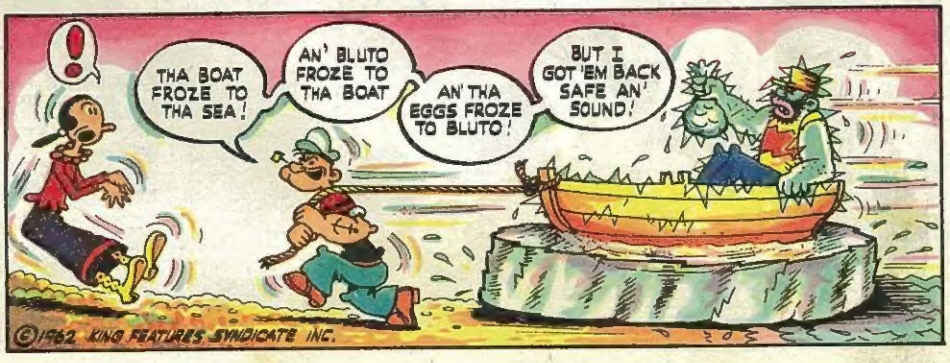
SUPER THRILLS! SUPER ACTION!

'SUPERCAR'

IN DRAMATIC PICTURES — INSIDE!

Every Monday | Week Ending 15th December, 1962 | Number 574




THA BOAT FROZE TO THA SEA!
AN' BLUTO FROZE TO THA BOAT
AN' THA EGGS FROZE TO BLUTO!
BUT I GOT 'EM BACK SAFE AN' SOUND!
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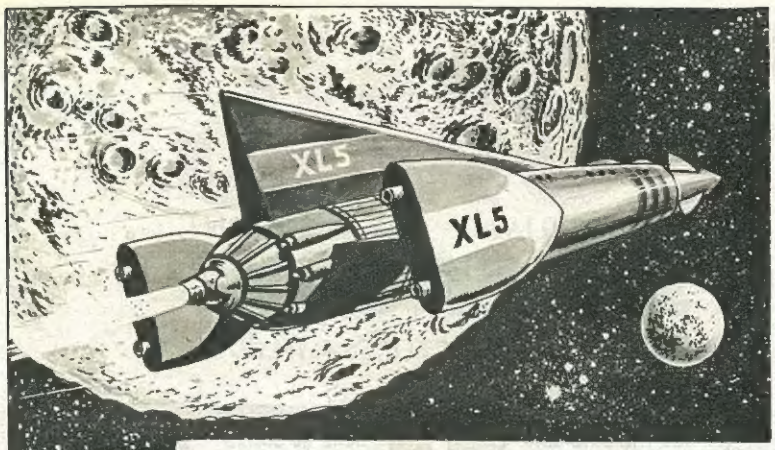
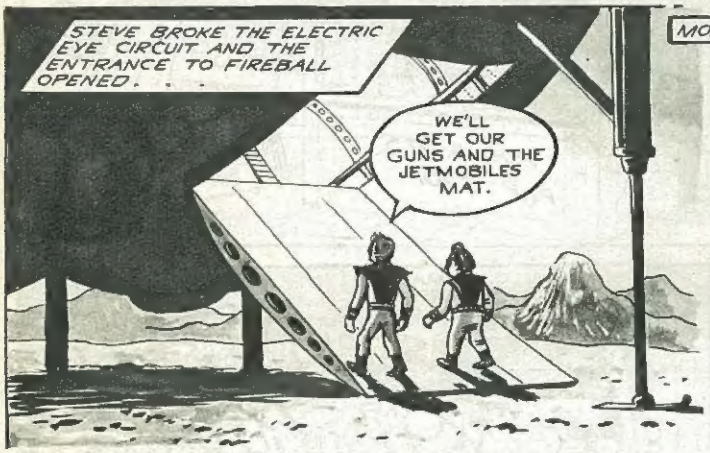
FIREBALL XL5

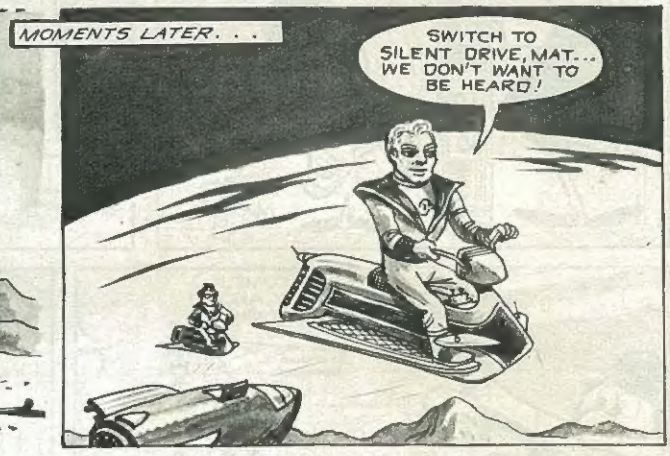
Based on the A.P. Films Ltd. and Associated Television Ltd. series "Fireball XL5."

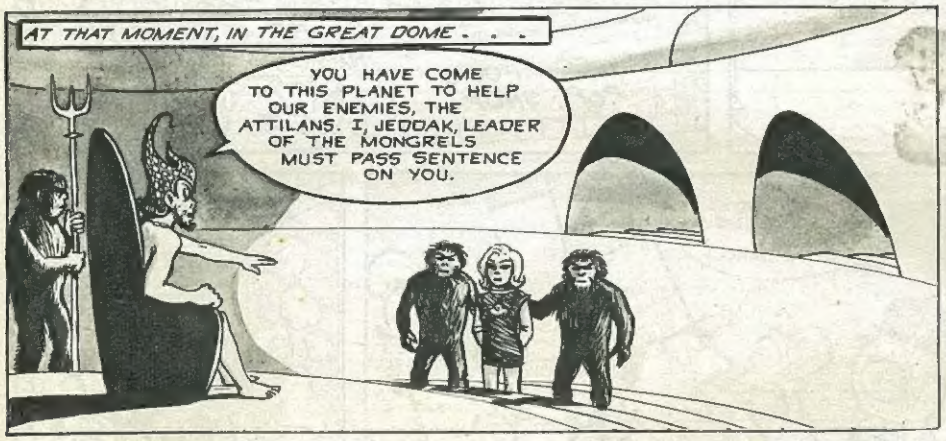


ANSWERING a call for help, the Fireball XL5 crew land on the planet of Attila to find that a machine has made some animals, known as the Mongrels, highly intelligent. The Mongrels wage war on the Attilans and Steve Zodiac manages to get them to safety . . . but then he and Professor Matic are overpowered by the fierce animals and Venus is carried off . . .

WE MUST GET INTO FIREBALL JUNIOR TO GET NEW RAY GUNS, MAT...
YEAH, STEVE... LET'S CREEP UP ON THOSE OVERGROWN MONKEYS... IN THE DARK THEY WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT 'EM!






AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE GREAT DOME...
YOU HAVE COME TO THIS PLANET TO HELP OUR ENEMIES, THE ATTILANS. I, JEDDAK, LEADER OF THE MONGRELS MUST PASS SENTENCE ON YOU.

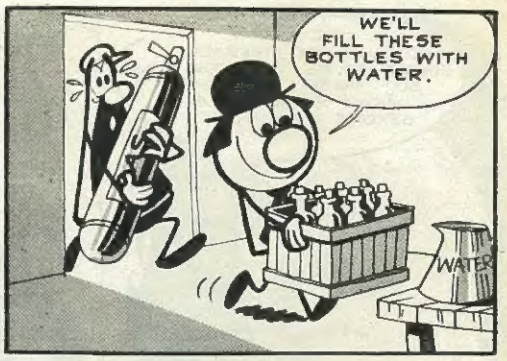
YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS... STEVE ZODIAC WILL MAKE YOU PAY!
OUR WALLS ARE UNPENETRABLE. COLONEL ZODIAC WILL NEVER GET INTO THE DOME!

More space thrills next week!

FOO FOO

with GOGO

by Halas & Batchelor

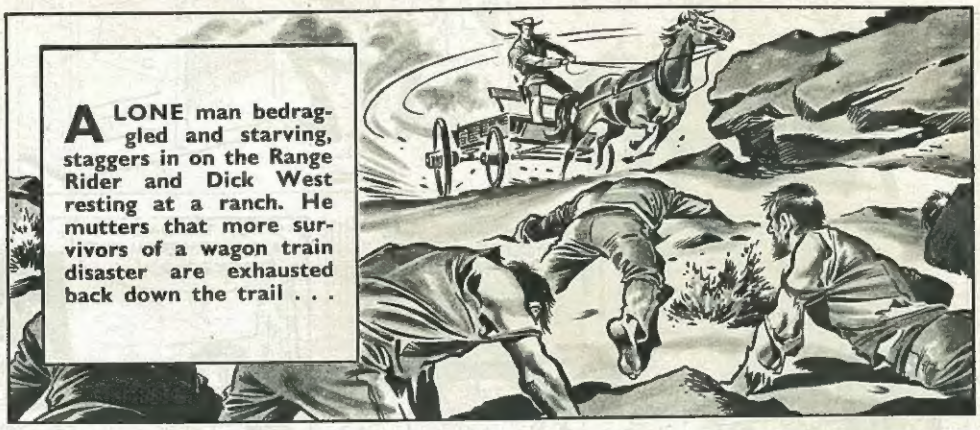


Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo."

More Foo Foo fun next week!

THE RANGE RIDER

ALONE man bedraggled and starving, staggers in on the Range Rider and Dick West resting at a ranch. He mutters that more survivors of a wagon train disaster are exhausted back down the trail . . .

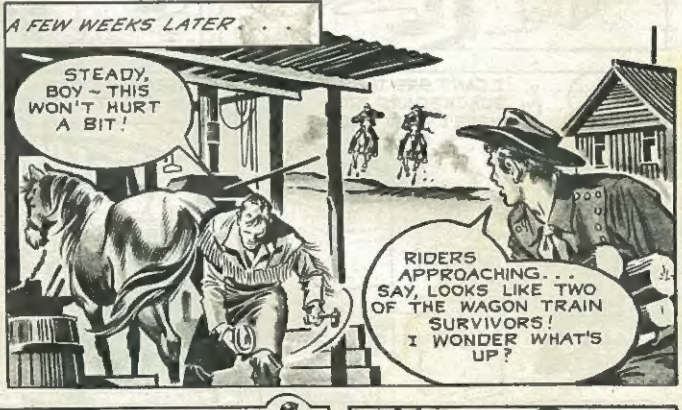


GENTLY, THE RANGE RIDER LOADED THE SURVIVORS INTO THE WAGON AND TOOK THEM BACK TO THE RANCH. . .

AND SO. . .

FOR A MONTH, THE RIDER AND DICK NURSED THE SURVIVORS BACK TO HEALTH. AND FINALLY ESCORTED THEM TO THE NEAREST TOWN. . .

A FEW WEEKS LATER. . .



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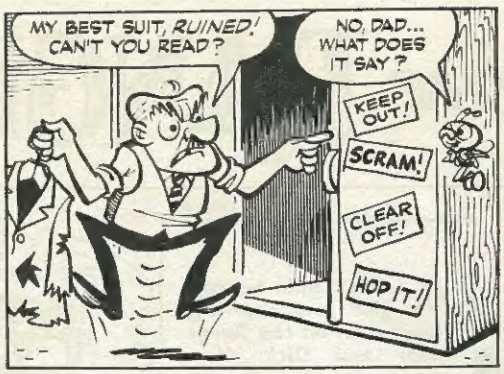
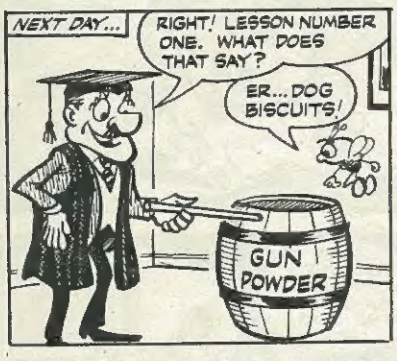
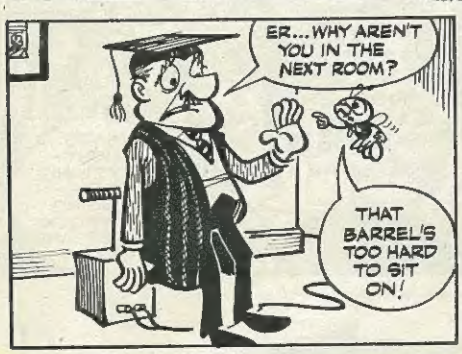
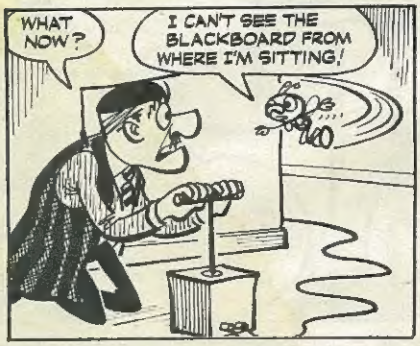
MIGHTY MOTH

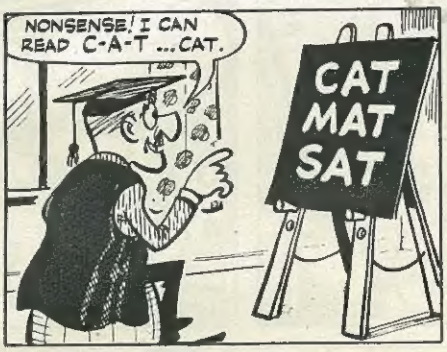


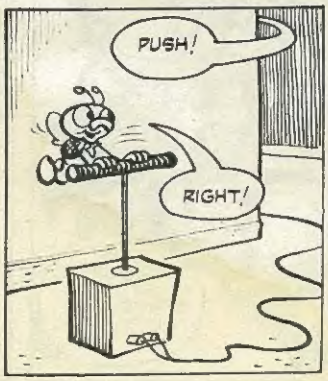
YOU IGNORANT INSECT. I'LL GIVE YOU LESSONS TOMORROW.
THANKS, DAD.
THINKS:- I HAVE A PLAN!
THINKS:- LITTLE DOES HE KNOW, I CAN READ ALREADY!











For fun and thrills TV COMIC is best!

TERRY HALL'S

Lenny the Lion

GOSH! PEOPLE! I MUST AVOID CONTACT WITH THEM!
DR. CASEY
SURGERY HOURS
9-10
I HAVE A COLD
AN APPLE A DAY KEEPS ME AWAY
I'M GLAD YOU ARE NOT SPREADING GERMS— PUT OUT YOUR TONGUE

More Lenny laughs next week!

WHILST giving a lecture in London, England, the Supercar team learn that a Scotsman has seen a monster in Loch Invar. Mike Mercury agrees to take a look and they arrive at Angus McNab's guest house. The next day, Supercar submerges under the loch . . .

WELL, JIMMY, THERE'S NO SIGN OF THE MONSTER!

NO, MIKE... BUT IT MIGHT BE HIDDEN FROM US!

MEANWHILE, ON THE SURFACE, TWO RUSSIAN SPIES DECIDE TO GET RID OF SUPERCAR...

THE DISGUISED DEPTH CHARGES ARE READY, ZARKOFF!

GOOD, COMRADE, BUT I DO NOT LIKE THESE DECADENT SCOTTISH SKIFFS. OH FOR A GLORIOUS SOVIET DESTROYER!

NOW MAKE FOR THE LAND, COMRADE!

IT'S FANTASTIC! IT'S TREMENDOUS IT'S—

SUPERCAR

IT FLASHES ACROSS THE SKY—IT ZOOMS THROUGH WATER—IT SPEEDS OVER LAND! IT'S THE MARVEL OF THE AGE!

Based on the A.P. Films Ltd. and Associated Television Ltd., series "Supercar"

ON THE SHORE, ANGUS McNAB WAS BEING CROSS-EXAMINED BY A REPORTER..

THERE'S NO STORY HERE... ADMIT IT, ANGUS, YOU JUST SPREAD THAT WILD TALE TO DRUM UP TRADE!

BUT I TELL YE... I SAW A BEASTIE IN THE LOCH!

SUDDENLY...

THERE... THAT'S JUST THE MONSTER'S TAIL THRESHING THE WATER... NOW WILL YE BELIEVE ME?

SLOWLY, MIKE AND JIMMY RECOVERED...

WHAT HAPPENED, MIKE?

SOUNDS CRAZY, JIMMY, BUT MY GUESS IS IT WAS A DEPTH CHARGE THAT HIT US!

MIKE! LOOK!

MEVIN

THE LUCKY SUPERCAR CLUB LICENCE NUMBER THIS WEEK IS: 65,402

Do not miss SUPERCAR in next week's TV COMIC!

WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN

BY GRAHAME DANGERFIELD

GRAHAME IS RECOUNTING HIS ADVENTURES IN AFRICA

AFTER capturing the Giant Mongoose I put it in the bathroom, first removing most things that might be damaged. The next morning, when I opened the door of the bathroom, complete chaos greeted me. The mongoose was asleep in the bath, the bath being quite dry, of course.

Tooth-mugs and brushes along with broken tubes of shaving cream and toothpaste lay all over the floor. I had never known an animal make such a mess in one night. He could obviously stay in the room no longer.

I got a sack and coaxed him into it, and then took him down into the garden. I let him go back into the trap, carefully blocking the hole through which I had taken him out of the trap the night before.

I slid the trap along the ground until it was in the shade, and waited for an artist friend of mine to get up out of bed.

When he did finally stagger downstairs looking very sleepy, he had a hurried breakfast, and then settled down to painting and sketching the mongoose for all he was worth.

When all the drawings were complete, the mongoose was released and bounded away. It was hopeless to try to keep it as it was very restless, but I wished I could obtain a young one. However, there was little chance of this.

One day later while on the way back from a water development area in Tanganyika, I saw some small hawks from the Landrover. I stopped and walked over to the tree where they were, to try to identify them.

My knowledge of African birds was then most limited. I cannot now remember exactly what they were, they were very similar to the British Kestrel, but were black with red legs. They were very smart looking birds, and they were obviously very worried at my approach.

The tree that seemed to be their home was a burnt out palm tree and the top was missing. Suspecting that it might be hollow, I put on my climbing irons, as there were no branches at all, and climbed up. The top of the tree was partly hollow, and provided an ideal nesting place, but as yet there were no eggs.

In a nearby tree there was a massive nest, although this was nothing to do with the hawks. I climbed this tree also, and the nest was as big as an eagle's,

The big head and sharp claws of the Monitor Lizard.

but the same shape as a wren's, domed with an entrance hole in one side. I was told this might be the nest of dangerous snakes.

In the same tree a hollow log had been placed by the Africans to attract bees so that they could get the honey. I looked in and got the fright of my life. A head was pointing straight at me, and out of the head came a long forked tongue.

For a moment I thought it was a huge snake, but then I could see it was a very, very big lizard. I had never seen one so big in my life. I pushed the log and the lizard ran out, and it half climbed and half fell to the ground. I climbed down after it, and although I caught it for a moment, it bit so hard and scratched so much with its long claws that I was forced to let it go.

Only later did I discover that it was a Monitor Lizard—one of the biggest kinds there are. It dashed under the roots of the tree, and I was determined to get it again, to take it home.

HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR COPY OF

TV COMIC ANNUAL?

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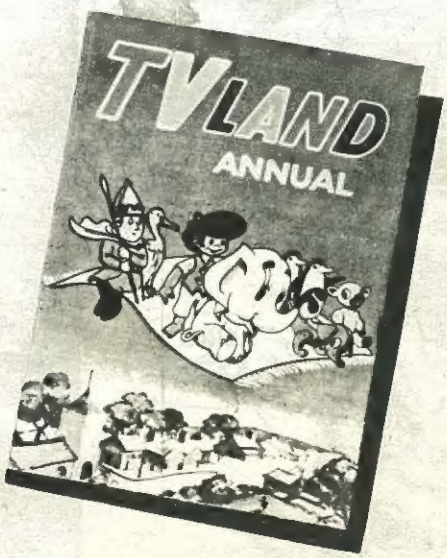

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TV LAND—for the very young! More games, puzzles and simple picture stories the toddlers will love. Every page in colour.

AT YOUR NEWSAGENT NOW! 8/6D EACH

TV Terrors

COR, CUTHBERT ~ ISN'T THAT HARRY STOPTOE?
IT ~ LOOKS LIKE HIM, BUTTONS ~ LET'S GET HIS AUTOGRAPH!
YOU WEREN'T THINKING OF GOING ANYWHERE WITHOUT ME, WERE YOU?
I DON'T CARE WHO COMES AS LONG AS WE CAN GET MOVING!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR,?
MEANWHILE . . .
DID YOU GET ANYTHING WORTH SELLING, SON?
I SURE DID, DAD ~ LOOK!
FIVE HUNDRED PAIRS OF SPECS ~ A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES, EH, DAD?
FIVE HUNDRED ~ THERE'S NOT THAT MANY PEOPLE IN LONDON WHO NEED GLASSES!
WHAT WITH TWO HUNDRED PAIRS OF BOOTS AND A THOUSAND SETS OF FALSE TEETH, THIS PLACE IS BECOMING A RIGHT JUNK YARD!
YOU GET OUT AND SELL THOSE GLASSES AND DON'T COME BACK TILL YOU DO!
OH, ALRIGHT!
OL' RAGS FOR SPECTACLES!
STOPTOE AND SON RAG & BONE MERCHANTS.
STOPTOE AND SON RAG & BONE MERCHANTS
IS YOUR SON AROUND, MISTER STOPTOE?
YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE BUYERS . . . I BET YOU'RE THE YOBS WHO SOLD HARRY THOSE TEETH AND SPECS.
GET OUT, YOU TERRORS ~ AND LEAVE HARRY BOY ALONE!
WELL!
OL' RAGS FOR GLASSES!
COR, THAT SOUNDS LIKE HARRY.
MR. HARRY ~ CAN WE HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH?
NOW LOOK WHAT YOU HAVE DONE!
DID YOU GET RID OF THOSE GLASSES?
NAW, THESE KIDS BROKE 'EM ALL. BUT DON'T WORRY, WE'VE STARTED A NEW CRAZE AROUND HERE . . .
. . . SEE, ALL THE KIDS ARE WEARING MONOCLES!
HO! HO! THIS IS SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE!
MY WORD, OLD CHAP ~ WHAT A SPLENDID IDEA!

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PATENTS GRANTED

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PRICES 10/6 · 21/- · 49/6

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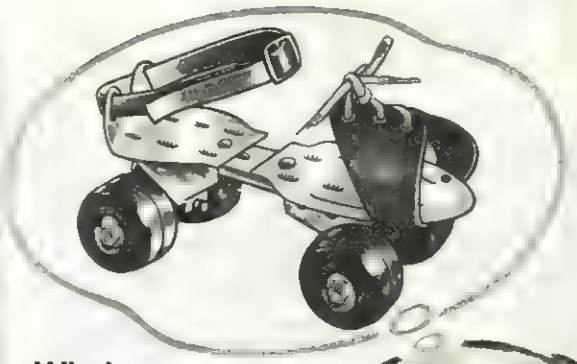
PLEASE ASK AT YOUR LOCAL SPORTS OR TOYSHOP OR DEPARTMENT STORE.
In case of difficulty write for literature and list of stockists to:—

SUBBUTEO (Dept. 84) LANGTON GREEN TUNBRIDGE WELLS, KENT



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DAVIES ROLLER SKATES

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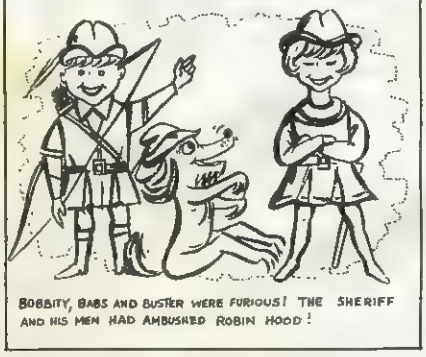
THE ADVENTURES OF BOBBITY, BABS & BUSTER

The BARRATTS trouble shooters


BOBBITY, BABS AND BUSTER WERE FURIOUS! THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN HAD AMBUSHED ROBIN HOOD!
SURRENDER! I'VE GOT YOU SURROUNDED!
HOLD ON ROBIN! WE'RE COMING TO HELP!
ROLL YOUR GOBSTOPPERS DOWN THE HILL WHILE I HELP ROBIN HOOD!
I'VE KNOCKED THE SHERIFF OFF HIS HORSE!
THEY'RE ON THE RUN ROBIN!
THANKS FOR YOUR HELP KIDS! COME AND CHOOSE SOME SWEETS AT YOUR FAVOURITE SWEET SHOP
I'LL HAVE SOME NOUGAT AND A LOLLIPOP PLEASE!
I'LL HAVE A SHERBET FOUNTAIN AND A JAMBOREE BAG!
BARRATTS SWEETS GIVE YOU JOLLY GOOD VALUE!
SOME SHRIMPS AND SEA FOOD PLEASE!

You always get more of the best for your money with . . . **BARRATTS SWEETS**

Pick of the Jokes

WIN A £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in their jokes for use on this page. Why not send in your joke now? If you have thought of it yourself and it is published you will receive £1. Send your joke on a *postcard* and stating your age, name and address to:— Pick of the Jokes, TV COMIC, TV Publications, 37-39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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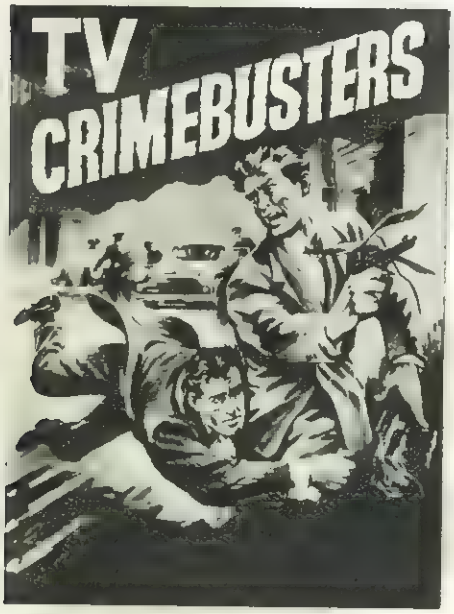
IT'S DIFFERENT!



THE MOST EXCITING TV ANNUAL FOR BOYS

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DIXON OF DOCK GREEN
INTERPOL CALLING

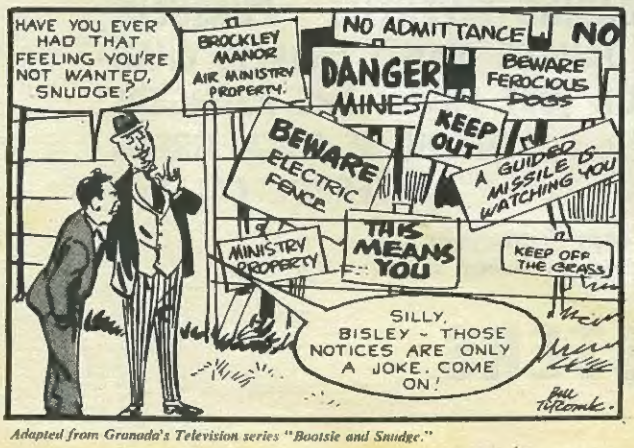
Get your copy from your newsagent or bookshop now . . . 8/6

TV CRIMEBUSTERS

Bootsie and Snudge

THIS AUCTION OF ANTIQUE FURNITURE SHOULD BE INTERESTING, BISLEY. LET'S SEE IF THERE ARE ANY BARGAINS.
AUCTIONEERS AND BROKERS.
SALE OF ANTIQUE FURNITURE

LISTEN TO THIS 'FIND THE TREASURE BURIED IN BROCKLEY MANOR'S BASEMENT!' BISLEY ~ WE'RE GOING TO BE RICH! LET'S GET TO BROCKLEY MANOR ~ QUICKLY!


HAVE YOU EVER HAD THAT FEELING YOU'RE NOT WANTED, SNUDGE?
BROCKLEY MANOR AIR MINISTRY PROPERTY.
NO ADMITTANCE
NO
DANGER MINES
BEWARE FEROCIOUS DOGS
KEEP OUT
BEWARE ELECTRIC FENCE
A GUIDED MISSILE IS WATCHING YOU
MINISTRY PROPERTY
THIS MEANS YOU
KEEP OFF THE GRASS
SILLY, BISLEY ~ THOSE NOTICES ARE ONLY A JOKE. COME ON!
Bill Titcomb.

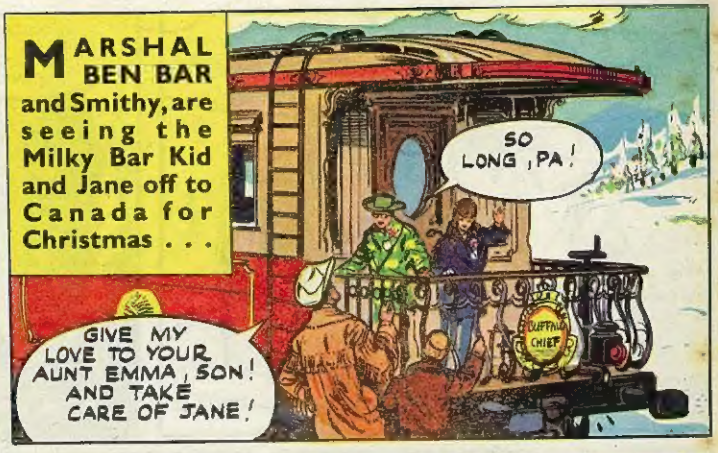
Adapted from Granada's Television series "Bootsie and Snudge."

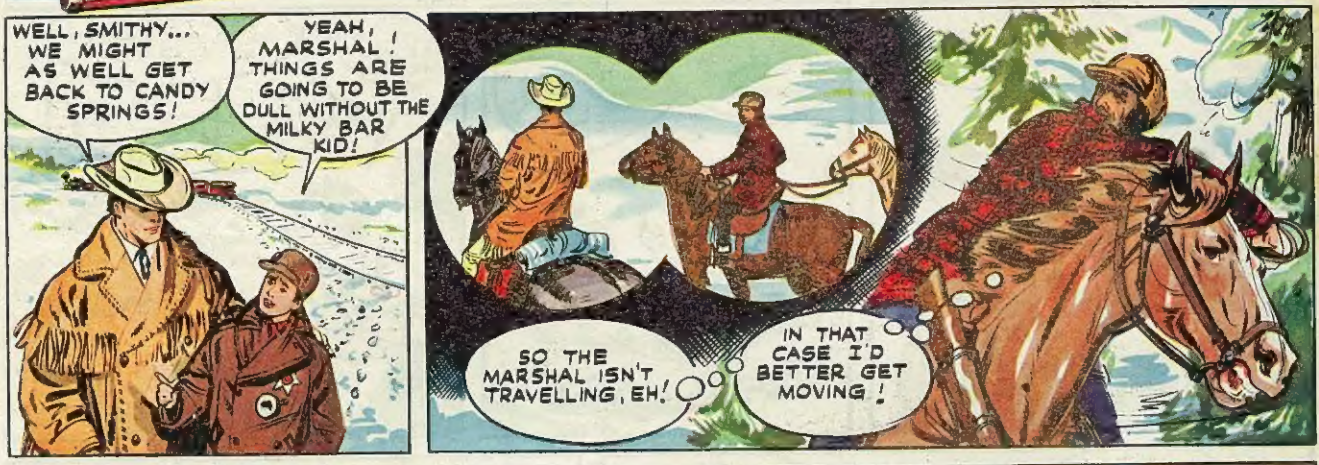
IF THAT WAS ONLY A JOKE, SNUDGE ~ I'D HATE TO BE THERE FOR A PANTOMIME! WE'LL NEVER GET PAST ALL THOSE ALARMS.
OH, YES WE WILL, BISLEY ~ WE'RE GOING TO TUNNEL OUR WAY IN!
1 MILE
I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO DIG A TUNNEL?
WELL, BISLEY, SOMEONE HAS GOT TO DO THE THINKING.
YEA, WELL I'M THINKING IT'S YOUR TURN TO DIG!
FOUR DIGGING HOURS LATER...
WE'VE DONE IT, BISLEY! NOW TO FIND THE MANOR!
HOLD ON HERE A MINUTE I'M GOING BACK FOR MY COAT!
HEY, SNUDGE ~ WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?
OH, NO ~ YOU NIT ~ WE'RE BACK WHERE WE STARTED!
I'M GOING HOME!
WAIT ~ I HAVE ONE MORE IDEA! WE'LL SEE THE C.O. OF BROCKLEY MANOR AND REQUEST PERMISSION TO LOOK AROUND.
GOOD MORNING, SIRS ~ WHAT CAN THE R.A.F. DO FOR YOU?
AH, MY GOOD MAN ~ WE'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR C.O.
JUST FILL IN ONE OF THE FORMS, SIR!
ENLISTMENT FORM
COME, BISLEY ~ HAND ME ONE OVER!
NOW WHAT DO WE DO?
STRAIGHTEN UP YOU HORRID LITTLE MAN!
RAF
JOIN
BUT... BUT... I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU'VE JUST SIGNED ON FOR THREE YEARS ~ YOU'RE IN THE AIR FORCE NOW!

More of Bootsie's and Snudge's life in the R.A.F. next week!

The MILKY BAR KID

MARSHAL BEN BAR and Smithy, are seeing the Milky Bar Kid and Jane off to Canada for Christmas . . .




WELL, SMITHY... WE MIGHT AS WELL GET BACK TO CANDY SPRINGS!
YEAH, MARSHAL! THINGS ARE GOING TO BE DULL WITHOUT THE MILKY BAR KID!
SO THE MARSHAL ISN'T TRAVELLING, EH!
IN THAT CASE I'D BETTER GET MOVING!

DOESN'T THE SUN SPARKLE ON THE SNOW!
IT'S STILL STRONG... SEE, LOOK HOW BOLD THE TRAIN'S SHADOW IS!
EH, LOOK AT THAT...THERE'S SOMEONE ON THE ROOF!

More thrills with the Milky Bar Kid next week!

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION